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Poetry.

MY "OTHER ME."

BY JERRY BARNES.

It pleases things to me the skin did whisper,
As I sat dreaming in my easy chair,
About a thought for urgent tasks unfinished,
And for the swift hours having little care.

I went back along a path of shadows,
With new a score of mile stones on the way,
I came at last where May was sweetly blooming,
While o'er the mountains crept the morning grey.

Was the land of dreams; and yet the cottage,
With its low roof, and woodbine-shaded door,
Like to one where passed my sunny childhood,
And in my waking can be mine no more.

Was a band of little ones before it,
With amber brows, and brown, uncovered feet,<
I knew full well the clear brook's pebbled bottom,
For never had a hand and dusty street.

And in all its eyes, and oh! what beaming
Of budding hopes and shining faith was there,
And when their joyous laugh went up to heaven,
The angels must have borne it to a prayer.

And in all its eyes, and 'neath the lashes
Of the olden, in her heart's truest glow,
And looked forth, and spoke to mine a welcome,
And down I knelt, clasping "that other me!"

And how long went my lonely home,
And felt her heart that the world did hold;
And was I vain? She was a simple creature,
And earth is blighted, sorrowful and cold.

Was not like to me when years have given
A tempered heart that ever goes astray,
The cannot lift my eyes in trust to heaven,
For doubts that bore my child-like faith away.

Was not like to me; her heart was true,
And I could see within her April breast
A tender germ—O, Christ! O, love of heaven!
That might have proved to me a balm most best.

Was her love without a stain upon it,
Her faith as pure as prayers she nightly said;
Her hopes so fair, they were the angel bringers
Of the sweet dreams that came to bless her bed.

Could not that day be I—the tender blossom
That that day had been so high my least;
Oh, no, alas, for since the years have met me,
The word that bound us two has snapped apart.

Too keep and sometimes send "that other me!"
To war my feet as she hath done to-day,
By all my foot-prints from the path of right,
And by the mile-stones passed upon my way!

LET US BE HAPPY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
However the world may here shadow our lot;
When the long-bridled links of affection have bound us,
Let the cold chains of earth be despised and forgot!

And say that the friendship is only ideal,
That Truth and Deceit are blessings unknown,
For he who believes every heart as unreal,
Has something unsound at the core of his own.

Oh! let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Oh! let us be happy, when moments of meeting
Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes;
And though Tolly, perchance, shake a bell at the greeting,
He is the dullest of fools who forever is wise.

Let the laughter of Jey echo over our bosoms,
At the hum of the bee for the 'midsummer flowers,
For the honey of happiness is from love's blossoms,
And is found in the hive of those exquisite hours.

Oh! let us be happy, when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Let us please not a spirit too and too weary,
To yield the kind word, and the mirth-lightened smile;
The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary,
Where the robin of hope will not warble awhile.

Let us, in our pride, that we care not for others,
And live in our wealth like an ox in his stall;
The commerce of love, with our dearest and best,
Hides to pay our great debt to the Father of All.

Oh! let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
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QUESTIONS A CHILD.—A child when asked
Why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Some-
body trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

He who obeys a child with terror,
Hopes to play and still his song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect,
Never, never, break its spirit,
Curb is only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Orward it must flow forever—
Better teach it where to go.

Agriculture.

Farm.—If the grain crops be not already sown, they should be attended to during this month. Wheat and rye cannot be sown too early, as the roots must have time to penetrate the soil to a sufficient depth to prevent their being thrown out during the winter. Corn should now be gathered, and preparations made for fattening of stock for sale. Root crops require strict attention, and if planted in rows, as they should be, the cultivator may be frequently run between them this month with profit.

Potatoes should be dug as soon as their skins refuse to slide when hardly pressed upon by the thumb: this is a better guide for ascertaining when a potato is ripe, than to judge by the fading of the vines.—Budding may now be done with advantage. Stiff, hard lands should now be plowed and sub-soiled, leaving the land ridged for disintegration by frost during winter. The farmer has now more time for plowing than in the spring: his cattle are stronger, and a little work will not hurt them before fattening. Timber may be cut this month.—Look to your barn-yards, and see them properly arranged for saving their drainage during winter.

Light sandy soils should not be plowed in the fall. Select your ears of corn from thrifty stalks while standing for next year's seed, being careful to take from such stalks only as bear more than one ear. Save your corn-stalks well, as by proper treatment they make good winter fodder. Use cooked feed for hogs; and remember that weeds in the hog-pen will save time and produce better results than if left standing all winter. Large quantities of head-lands, peat &c., &c., should be placed near the stables, barn-yards, &c., for full composting; and proper quantities of bone-dust, salt and other materials intended to be added to the compost should be in readiness.

Working Farmer.
SALTING HAY.—We frequently find notices of salting hay, and also of the injurious effects, in many instances, resulting from it. We give from the farm report of L. D. Cliff, of Putnam County, in the volume of Transactions of the Society for 1855, a preparation that has proved highly beneficial, and obviates the difficulties attending the use of salt:—

"PREPARATION FOR HAY IN THE MOW. I have used, for several years, the following preparation for my hay: Two parts of slacked or quick lime to one of salt. The salt to be mixed with the lime until entirely dissolved and the mass becomes a powder. Upon a load or ton of hay, at intervals in mowing or stacking, use from ten to fifteen quarts, dusted evenly over the hay. I formerly used salt alone, but the men would often use too much, so that it was injurious to the stock. The above mixture obviates this—it corrects the acidity and sourness of the hay, and I do not recollect a sick animal since I commenced its use. Horses troubled with the heaves are greatly relieved by feeding upon hay thus prepared, and I am satisfied it is a preventive of the heaves. My horses are kept in the stable the year round, well groomed, and they do far more work and wear longer than when suffered to run during the summer."

IMPROVED FARMING.—Every owner of an American farm is aware, that if he ever gives a short lease of his farm, the current system pursued by most operators will exhaust his soil and leave the farm of lessened value at the end of the lease; and this must continue to be the fact until, by general improvement, the methods shall become such as improve, and not deteriorate, the quality of the soil. It is all very well for us at this time to represent that American farms are worked by their owners, and not by tenants. In the main this is true, but as surely as effect follows cause, just so surely will our farms in time be worked by tenants, in part, as in England; and unless in the meantime the general system be similarly improved to what it has been there, we shall suffer as part of England is now doing. This with them applies to but a small part, and is daily lessening, and chiefly from the use of under-drains, deep tillage and increased quantities of fertilizing materials furnished by the introduction of guano, super-phosphates, &c.—*The Farmer.*

ADVANTAGE OF KEEPING MANURE COVERED.—An experiment conducted by the President of an Ag. Soc. in England, shows that manure which was kept covered by 9 inches in depth with earth, so that no evaporation escaped, produced 4 bushels more of grain per acre, than the same quantity and kind of manure applied to the same extent and quality of land, but which manure had lain from the 13th of January, to the 4th of April, exposed to the weather.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THEY TELL US TO WAIT.—that time will bring what we want. Friends, time will ripen the corn, but time will not plow the field.

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.

We crossed Murchison Channel on the 23d, and encamped for the night on the land floor at the base of Cape Parry a hard day's travel, partly by tracking over ice, partly through tortuous and zigzag leads. The next day brought us to the neighborhood of Fitz-Clarence Rock, one of the most interesting monuments that rear themselves along the dreary coast; in a region more familiar to men, it would be a landmark to the navigator. It rises from a field of ice like an Egyptian pyramid surmounted by an obelisk.

I had been anxious to communicate with the Esquimaux of Netelik, in the hope of gaining some further intelligence of Hans. Our friends of Esch had given me, in their own style, a complete itinerary of this region, and we had no difficulty in instructing Godfrey how to trace his way across the neck of land which stood between us and the settlement. He made the attempt, but found the snow drift impassable; and Peterson, whom I sent on the same errand to Tessiak, returned equally unsuccessful.

The next day gave us admirable progress. The ice opened in leads before us, somewhat tortuous but, on the whole, favoring, and for sixteen hours I never left the helm. We were all of us exhausted when the days work came to a close. Our allowance had been small from the first; but the delays we seemed fated to encounter had made me reduce them to what I then thought the minimum quantity six ounces of bread-dust and a lump of tallow the size of a walnut; a paste or broth, made of these before setting out in the morning and distributed occasionally throughout the day in scanty rations, was our only fare. We were all of us glad when, turning the boats under the lee of a berg, we were able to fill our kettles with snow and boil up for the great restorative, tea. I may remark that, under the circumstances of most privation, I found no comfort so welcome to the party at this. We drank immoderately of it, and always with advantage.

While the men slept after their weary labor, McGary and myself climbed the berg for a view ahead. It was a saddening one. We had lost sight of Cary Island; but shoreward, up Wostenholme Channel, the ice seemed as if it had not yet begun to yield to the influence of summer. Everything showed how intense the last winter had been. We were close upon the 1st of July, and had a right to look for the North Water of the whalers where we now had solid ice or close pack, both of them almost equally unfavorable to our progress. Far off in the distance—how far I could not measure—rose the Dalrymple Rock, projecting from the lofty precipice of the island ahead; but between us and it the ice spread itself from the base of Saunders' Island unbroken to the Far South.

The next day's progress was of course slow and wearisome, pushing through alternate ice and water for the land-belt. We fastened at last to the great floe near the shore, making our harbor in a crack which opened with the changes of tide.

The imperfect diet of the party was showing itself more and more in the decline of their muscular power. They seemed scarcely aware of it themselves, and referred the difficulty they found in dragging and pushing to something common about the ice or sludge, rather than to their own weakness. But, as we endeavored to renew our labors through the morning fog, belted in on all sides by ice-fields so distorted and rugged as to defy our efforts to cross them, the truth seemed to burst upon every one. We had lost the feeling of hunger, and were almost satisfied with our pastry broth and the large draughts of tea which accompanied it. I was anxious to send our small boat, the Eric, across to the lumme-bill of Appah, where I knew from the Esquimaux we should find plenty of birds; but the strength of the party was insufficient to drag her.

We were sorely disheartened, and could only wait for the fog to rise, in the hope of some smoother platform than that which we were about us, or some other lead that might save us the painful labor of tracking. I had climbed the iceberg; and there was nothing in view except Dalrymple Rock, with its red brassy face towering in the unknown distance. But I hardly got back to my boat, before a gale struck us from the northwest, and a foe, taking upon a tongue of ice about a mile to the north of us, began to swing upon it like a pivot and close slowly in upon our narrow resting-place.

hope of our escape. It was not a nip, such as is familiar to Arctic navigators; but the whole platform, where we stood and for hundreds of yards on every side of us, crushed and piled and tossed itself madly under the pressure. I do not believe that of our little body of men, all of them disciplined in trials, able to measure danger while combating it,—I do not believe there is one who this day can explain how or why—hardly when, in fact—we found ourselves afloat. We only know that in the midst of a clamor utterly indescribable, through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could no more have been heard than the voice of a man, we were shaken and raised and whirled and let down again in a swelling waste of broken hummocks, and, as the men grasped their boat-hooks in the stillness that followed, the boats eddied away in a tumultuous skedd of ice and snow and water.

We were borne along in this manner as long as the unbroken remnant of the inshore floe continued revolving—utterly powerless, and catching a glimpse every now and then of the brazen headland that looked down on us through the snow sky. At last the floe brought up against the rocks, the looser fragments that hung around it began to separate, and we were able by oars and boat-hooks to force our battered flotilla clear of them. To our joyful surprise, we soon found ourselves in a stretch of the land-water wide enough to give us rowing room, and with the assured promise of land close ahead.

As we neared it, we saw the same forbidding wall of belt-ice as at Betherland and Hakluyt. We pulled along its margin, seeking in vain either an opening of access or a nook of shelter. The gale rose, and the ice began to drive again; but there was nothing to be done but to get a grapple out to the belt and hold on for the rising tide. The Hope stove her bottom and lost part of her weather-boarding, and all the boats were badly chafed. It was an awful storm; and it was not without constant exertion that we kept afloat, bailing out the sea that broke over us, and warding off the ice with boat-hooks.

At three o'clock the tide was high enough for us to scale the ice-cliff. One by one we pulled up the boats upon a narrow shelf, the whole sixteen of us uniting at each pull. We were too much worn out to unload; but a deep and narrow gorge opened in the cliffs almost at the spot where we clambered up; and, as we pushed the boat into it on an even keel, the rocks seemed to close above our heads, until an abrupt turn in the ravine placed a protecting cliff between us and the gale.—We were completely encased.

Just as we had brought in the last boat, the Red Eric, and were shoring her up with blocks of ice, a long-unused but familiar and unmistakable sound startled and gladdened every ear, and a flock of eiders flecked the sky for a moment passed swiftly in front of us. We knew that we must be at their breeding-grounds; and as we turned in wet and hungry to our long-coveted sleep, it was only to dream of eggs in abundance.

We remained almost three days in our crystal retreat, gathering eggs at the rate of twelve hundred a day. Outside, the storm raged without intermission, and our egg hunters found it difficult to keep their feet; but a merrier set of gourmands than were gathered within never surfeited in genial diet.

On the 3d of July the wind began to moderate, though the snow still fell heavily; and the next morning, after a patriotic egg-nog, the liquor borrowed grudgingly from our alcohol flask, and diluted till it was worthy of temperance praise,—we lowered our boats, and bade a grateful farewell to "Weary Man's Rest." We rowed to the southeast, east of Wostenholme Island; but the tide left us there, and we moved to the ice-foot.

For some days after this we kept moving slowly to the south, along the lanes that opened between the belt-ice and the floe. The weather continued dull and unfavorable for observations of any sort, and we were off a large glacier before we were aware that further progress near the shore was impracticable. Great chains of bergs presented themselves as barriers in our way, the spaces between choked by barrioles of hummocks. It was hopeless to bore. We tried for sixteen hours together without finding a possibility of egress.—The whale sea was rugged and broken in the extreme.

I climbed one of the bergs to the height of about two hundred feet, and looking well to the west, was satisfied that a lead which I saw there could be followed in the direction of Conical Rocks, and beyond toward Cape Dudley Digges. But on conferring with Brooks and McGary, I was startled to find how much the boat had suffered in the rude encounters of the last few days. The "Hope" was in fact altogether unseaworthy: the ice had strained her bottom-timbers, and it required nearly all our wood to repair her; but by bit we had already cut up and burned the runners and cross-bars of two sledges; the third

we had to reserve as essential to our ice-crossings.

In the meantime, the birds, which had been so abundant when we left Dalrymple's Island, and which we had encountered on for a continuous store, seemed to have been driven off by the storm. We were again reduced to short daily rations of bread dust, and I was aware that the change of diet could not fail to tell upon the strength and energies of the party. I determined to keep in-shore in spite of the barricades of ice, in the hope of renewing, to some extent at least, our supplies of game. We were fifty-two hours in forcing this rugged passage: a most painful labor, which but for the disciplined endurance of the men, might well have been impracticable.

Hygiene on Dress—Hoops.

A great deal of fun is had now-a-days at the expense of the ladies. Occasionally an item in their 'making up' is somewhat outre, and subjects them to comico-satirical criticism. We, whose province is to look soberly upon these things—having already entertained very sombre ideas as to the effects of the little arrangements termed 'bonnets,' upon feminine health, and having, not infrequently had occasion to remark untoward results, from what is pleasantly termed *sewing them*—are very glad to say a word in favor of another appendage, or rather a substructure, namely the hoop.

We read with a smile the other day, in 'Drake's History of Boston,' the following judgement upon 'Hoop petticoats' in yester years. The statement is that they were severely condemned, and that this persecution was continued 'until they surrendered without conditions.' The tirade against them was continued in a pamphlet advertised in 'Franklin's Courier,' and whose title runs thus: 'Hoop Petticoats, Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Reason and the Law of God. Price 3d.' From the price this must have been a small affair, and doubtless the ladies thought so.

There can surely be nothing more appropriate, during the heat of the summer, than these light frames to raise the weight of the skirts (which we presume they do in a measure) from the hips and lower part of the back; and, from this reason alone, they must be pleasantly cooling.

While, then, *moderation* in the extent of this centrifugal agent should be observed, we are inclined to endorse its use, hygienically, at least, during the hot season.—There are those who can ill bear, the freer circulation of air which this mechanism allows; therefore invalids must be cautious how they encircle themselves. A hoop of medium size should be adopted by them, if any be worn; and in damp, or cold weather, certainly, more clothing beneath it than a perfectly well person needs. We are inclined to believe that any marked circumferential extension of ladies' dresses in winter, is unsafe, on the ground of risk to the health. In some degree, however, a proper supply of under garments would obviate the danger, although the evil of weight would not be avoided; but our climate is too capricious to allow of the *modest* which befitted France or even England, during the colder seasons of the year.

It is scarcely our province to remark upon the influence hoops have as aids to, or detractors from, beauty of form or carriage. In certain instances, numerous enough, the balloon enclosure must be exceedingly convenient; in others, our preference would doubtless be for the unadorned article. Stature, too, should be consulted, both as regards the use of the hoop, at all, and, if worn, as to the proper dimensions.

Need we say, that authentic instances are on record, and that too, not long since, in which the much talked of and variously estimated appendages have contributed to the saving of life? We advise all ladies about to travel, and liable to find themselves on board of any unaccountable or ill-managed steamboats, to go *hooped!*—But let all take notice, that although we believe the larger the hoops are, in case of involuntary plunge-bath, the better—we have already warned the fair wearers against such a size on land. *Don't take a Cold—Medical Journal.*

Forbes Elm.

A lady correspondent of the Boston Times, who has a penchant for fast horses and fast men, gives her ideas of perfect bias in the following direct and expressive language: "I'm a woman, with a woman's weakness, and having a good constitution, can bear a great deal of happiness! If asked my idea of perfect bliss, I should say, 'I should have, a duck of a cutter, plenty of Buffalo robes, a neat fitting over coat with a handsome man in it, and—a love of a bonnet! If that wouldn't be happiness for one lifetime, I'm open to conviction as to what would?' Put that woman on the course for the Presidency, and she would distance all competitors.

If you would have a good servant take neither a kinsman nor a friend.

Legal Anecdotes.

This capital legal anecdote, connected with the New Hampshire bar, we clip from a California newspaper of a recent date.—Two of the great guns of the New Hampshire bar, Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett, had been battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury was in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before parties interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about four o'clock an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the court house—the lawyers, who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State Prison. Mr. Bartlett, the young gun, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney general was examining two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate. By-and-by Mr. Bartlett opened his eyes, cast a glance at the gray hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and, turning to the attorney-general, said audibly, 'I'll defend this man.' He asked questions of the witnesses, and took no notes, but when the evidence was through he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard. The testimony which appeared as clear as noon day, he pulled all to pieces; he made discord of harmony, nonsense of sense, discrepancy of the most exact agreement, and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the jury declared the prisoner, "Not guilty!" The weeping man, with clasped hands, leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender. "Let him out constable," said Mr. Bartlett; "and now you oldascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you counterfeiting money again." The jury stared in wonder, and we left the court house, laughing yet sorrowful.

Preserving Fruit and Vegetables.

Now is the time for preserving fruits and vegetables, and, as this new avenue to luxury is to be trodden extensively this year, we have taken pains to enquire of the can manufacturers their mode of operations. In preserving berries, they are all put into water, with a little sugar, and boiled three or four minutes. The cans, prepared and standing near, are filled directly out of the hot kettle, and the lids, having previously been placed upon the hot stove, are pressed down into the wax which seals the cans. It should be held there by a brick, or by placing one can upon another, as they are filled. Peaches should be cut into cold water, and the syrup, prepared beforehand, at the rate of a quart of a pound of sugar to a quart of fruit, should be poured in, and stirred. Then the whole should be raised to the boiling point, and the cans filled immediately, and sealed as above. Quinces and pears, preserved in the same way, retain their flavor much better than in the common preserves. Tomatoes should be well cooked, as they set upon the tin. When they are re-cooked they can be seasoned to the taste. It should be remembered that all the vegetables are preserved as well without seasoning as with, as the whole secret of preservation is in keeping them from the air.—Sweet corn should be preserved now, and this also should be cooked. Mince meat for pies can all be chopped at one time for the year. If this is salted and seasoned, it should be preserved in jars made in the same way, with adaptation to the same lids. These can secure a great luxury within the reach of all.

John and Julia.

"John!" quoth the gentle Julia to her sleepy lord one warm morning, at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer!"

"As how?" murmured her worser half, sleepily opening his optics.

"Why—by rising."

"H'm—I wish you'd imitate the other fashions that hang up by it—the thermometer!"

"Why so?"

"Cause then you'd let me know when a storm's a-coming."

Immortality of Memory.

Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquisitions, die with us to this world—but to this world only. Affections well placed, and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worth intent, and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved, are the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping; these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1675.

to procure, at the expense of the colony, from Boston, "a common standard of Brass, exactly according to Winchester corn measure, and weights according to the standard of England, to be kept by him, the said Weston; and a true beam and scales, two half hundreds, and a quarter, and a half quarter, and a seven pound," &c. The further provisions are, that every town shall appoint a sealer of weights and measures, to be governed by the general standard, and shall use the seal of an anchor.

At the General Assembly held at Newport, October 27th, 1675.

On a representation made by Captain John Cranston, to the assembly, the Council of War in each town was ordered to put the colony in a state of defence against the Indians, so as to be prepared in case hostilities should commence on their part.

King Philip's War.

This year, King Philip's war, so called, commenced. We shall not attempt a general account of the war, but confine ourselves principally to the events in which Rhode Island Colony had her share of suffering. We shall give the reader, Calender's brief account of the war, entire, from page 73 to 81; after which, we shall subjoin some other facts, and circumstances, in further illustration of the past, which this colony was compelled to bear in the war.

In 1675 King Philip, King of the Wampanoag, began a war against Plymouth Colony, in June, which soon spread almost throughout New England. Tradition says, "He was forced on by the fury of his young men, sore against his own judgement and inclination; and that tho' he foresaw and foretold the English would in time by their industry, root out all the Indians, yet he was against making war with them, as that he tho' would only hurry on, and increase the destruction of his people;" and the event proved that he judged right. The Powwaws had foretold Philip an Englishman should kill him, which accordingly proved true; he was shot dead by an Indian.

When Philip could no longer resist the importunity of his warriors, he like a wise man, took the most proper measures to make their enterprise effectual, especially by an early endeavor to persuade the other Indian nations into the war, that with united forces they might fall on the English every where at once; and particularly he endeavored to persuade the Narragansetts, who had several pretensions to quarrel with the English, and who were then reputed 4 thousand fighting men. But whether the war began too soon for them, or the first beginnings discouraged them, or that they did not intend to make war at all; they renewed their league of Peace and War with the United Colonies, in July, a month after Philip had commenced hostilities at Swansey.

However when he was driven out of his country, they were charged to have received and entertained his people. Whereupon the United Colonies sent an army of a thousand men, under Joseph Winslow, Esqr. He arrived with the Massachusetts and Plymouth Forces, the 18th of December, at Major Smith's in North Kingstown; on the 18th the Connecticut men arrived, and the army marched the next day near 18 miles to a sort of fort, [19th of Hubb.] which the Indians had raised on an island of Upland, in the midst of a most hideous swamp. Their Indian guide led them to the only place where it could be attacked, the English fell on with too much courage and eagerness, which proved fatal to some of their valient captains. However their victory was most complete; the fort was taken and 'tis said seven hundred fighting men, and twenty chief captains of the enemy were slain that day, besides women and children, and three hundred more died of their wounds afterwards, besides the vast numbers who perished thro' cold and hunger. The loss to the English was of about eighty men; six captains slain, and one hundred and fifty men wounded, many of them by their own friends. Towards night, they set fire to the fort and returned to their Head Quarters, through the cold and snow. Some thought if they had kept possession of the fort, where was the Indian provisions, they might have saved many of their men, and that the Indians must all have perished through cold and hunger, or surrendered at discretion the next morning. Others thought it a merciful Providence,

"All the histories from Mr. Hubbard and Dr. Mather, make Philip to be the spring of a mover of the war; but there is constant tradition among the posterity of the people, who lived next to him, and were familiarly conversant with him, so also with the Indians who survived the war, and they show the spot (Kiamut Spring, on a farm belonging to Stephen Faine, Esq. in Bristol,) where Philip received the news of the first Englishmen that were killed, with grief and sorrow, and wept at the news; and that a day or two before the first outrage, he had protected an Englishman the Indians had captured, rescued him from them, and privately sent him to his safe place."

